

## Good Men Who Starved

A TEETOTALER CAST ON AN ISLAND GRAVED FOR RUM.

(Kansas City Star.)

Men who have actually been on the point of starvation, whether in the streets of a big city, in the jungles of South America, in an open boat at sea, or on the sandy deserts of Australia, give strangely divergent accounts of their feelings. Their stories go to prove that different men feel starvation in different ways. Some suffer intensely, others hardly at all. Some feel acute physical pain, while the sufferings of others appear to be purely mental.

A sailor whose schooner was wrecked on a voyage from the Cayman Islands to Jamaica a few years ago, and who spent nearly two weeks in an open boat without food, was asked how he felt in that time.

"I hardly felt it at all after the first two days," he said. "I seemed to outgrow the longing for food, and I do not remember suffering any particular pain. I drifted along in a dreamy sort of way, not caring what happened. Even when I saw the ship which picked me up I was not wildly excited. I was too faint to worry. The only craving I remember distinctly was for a glass of rum and a smoke of tobacco, and that was very strange, because I am practically a teetotaler and do not greatly care for smoking."

A man who is now receiving a big salary in the east had a hard time when he first came to the city, and nearly starved. For days and weeks together he did not have a decent meal, and, by his own account, he suffered tortures.

"I could not keep still," he said. "Often, when I was fairly hungry and hadn't sent to buy anything, I would go to one of the free libraries and try to force myself to sit down and rest. But it was no use. Some irresistible impulse would drive me out into the streets again, and I would pace them restlessly for hours, hungrily watching the people go by, wondering when I would get another square meal."

### Watched the Procession.

"The faces of the people in the crowded streets got on my nerves. Faces, faces, nothing but faces, and I was continually day and night—not one of them familiar; not one of them kindly. It seemed as if it was my fate to stand still and watch a awful procession of faces flit by forever. They did not strike me as belonging to real people; they seemed like the faces of ghosts. When I dropped to sleep at night I used to see those faces in my dreams, and for months after I became prosperous they haunted me day and night like a nightmare."

"My hunger caused me the keenest physical torture. Every bone in my body ached; my head throbbed violently; I had terrible pains in my stomach, and half the time I felt as if I was just going to faint. As soon as hunger fairly got hold of me I lost every ounce of energy. I could not look for work as I had been doing; I could not even beg. Two or three times I asked money for my dinner, but I was turned aside. A poor, ill-dressed woman gave me a piece of meat, although I did not ask for it. I got a good meal with it, but afterward I felt hungrier than ever."

### Meat Markets.

An orchid hunter, who nearly perished in a Venezuelan jungle two years ago, and who lost five of his men by starvation, night after night when he went to bed, famished and exhausted, would dream of the markets he would behold Ladenhall market, in London, piled high with thousands of carcasses and tons of meat, and just as he put out his hand to grasp a leg of beef or a sirloin steak, the vision would fade and in its place would be the gaily colored market of Panama with bananas, pineapples and oranges glistened brightly in the tropical sunlight. Those, too, would vanish when he tried to snatch them, and he would awake hungrier and more miserable than ever.

"I could have borne the real horrors of the days a thousand times better," he said. "If it had not been for the tantalizing miseries of the nights."

"This same explorer, during the month of semi-starvation which he experienced, suffered constantly from violent headaches, dull gnawing pains in the stomach, and bad attacks of malaria fever. And all the time he 'could think of nothing but food,' which increased his misery tenfold."

A graduate of Oxford university gave up all his prospects some years ago to become a social worker among the poor of the east end of London. In order to get an idea of what it felt like to be really poor, he lived for six days on 12 cents, eating nothing more than one tiny 2-cent loaf each day. As a result he nearly starved and was ill for a week afterward.

### Only to Have the Experience.

"It would not have been very trying," he said. "If I had not seen food all around me—in the bakers' shops, in the restaurants, in the butchers' and in the green grocers' I would walk about the streets for hours, watching the people go into the restaurants for lunch, and wondering what they were going to eat."

"By the end of the third day I was in a half comatose state. Practically I had lost my identity and my memory. I was always thinking about food, but in quite a detached sort of way, as if it were nothing to do with me. I thought of it as an uninteresting, unimportant thing of India. My reason told me that in three days I could eat as much as I liked, but my mind could not take hold of that fact. It seemed as if I should always be eating one tiny loaf a day and watching other people go into restaurants."

"On the fifth day I was utterly cowed. If a man spoke to me I trembled and could not answer, but slunk away. Every bit of moral fiber and every ounce of physical pluck were gone."

After this experience the graduate in the school of starvation took keen interest in discovering the sensations of other men who had gone hungry. He met many of them in the course of his philanthropic work, and he discovered that in no two cases were their emotions alike.

"Starvation," he was fond of saying, "is a mental rather than a physical pain. Its principal effects are connected with the mind and the imagination. The educated and refined man, who has seen better days, is the least affected when he goes short of food. The sufferings of a starving man are really a matter of temperament. If he has not a highly strung temper, he does not suffer much. The more animal a man is the more comfortably he can starve. Some laborers who nearly died of exposure and a lack of food have told me that they hardly suffered at all. They soon drifted into a semi-conscious state, which dulled their physical pain, and they had not sufficient intelligence to substitute the pangs of the imagination."

A direct negative to this theory is given by a professor of an Australian university who narrowly escaped dying of starvation on an expedition into the desert country of central Australia. "I am sure," he said, "that I felt the pangs of hunger much less keenly than my black trackers and servants did. I had heard they could go for long pe-

riods without food, but the second day we put ourselves on short commons they complained bitterly and appeared to be in extreme pain. At that time I suffered nothing, nor did I suffer until some days afterward. Indeed, although two or three of my men were almost dead from lack of food by the time we reached the nearest settlement, I really suffered very little. The only unpleasant sensation I can recall were occasional bad headaches, slight pains in the stomach, and now and then a feeling of faintness. At other times I felt exceptionally strong, although I had eaten hardly a scrap of food for days."

"If I were to judge by my own feelings I should say that the agonies of starvation are much exaggerated. But the sufferings of my men were very real. I asked one of them how he felt, when he was lying on the ground one evening, too weak to move."

"Does," he said, "me full of devil's claw" at me inside."

"I gave the poor wretch a little brandy, but he declared it made him feel worse."

"I did not find that hunger in any way affected my mental powers. On the contrary, it seemed to improve them. I was able to take the keenest interest in my scientific work. Possibly the fact that I had something to occupy my mind saved me from suffering as the others did. They, poor wretches, had nothing to do but to think of food. I believe that was why they suffered so keenly."

**Kipling's Experience at Starvation.**

Rudyard Kipling has experienced that form of starvation which is most common in great centers of population—living for weeks and months at a time on an insufficient amount of food. He has admitted that he tried it for the sake of experience, and in "The Light That Failed" he has described his feelings.

"It is not easy," says Mr. Kipling. "For a man of catholic tastes and healthy appetites to exist for twenty-four days on a few shillings. No, it is cheering to begin the experiment, alone in all the loneliness of London."

"Dick," said seven shillings a week for his lodging, which left him rather less than a shilling a day for food and drink. Half a day's investigation and comparison brought him to the conclusion that sausages and mashed potatoes, twopenny a plate, were the best food. Now, sausages once or twice a week for breakfast, and a bit of bread, going forth, pawned his watch to reveal on sheep's head, which is not as cheap as it looks, owing to the bones and the gravy. Then he returned to sausages and mashed potatoes. Then he confined himself entirely to mashed potatoes for a day, and was unhappy because of pain in his inside. Then he pawned his watch and bought a loaf of bread. Dick took it—would have fought all the world for its possession—and it pleased him.

"The month dragged through at last, and, nearly prancing with impatience, he went to draw his money."

### His Sense of Humor.

The board of school supervisors for the Walnut Ridge district was examining an applicant who desired the position of instructor. The young man had satisfied them of his knowledge of geography, arithmetic and grammar. At this point the chairman of the board drew a magazine from his pocket, perused it for a moment and remarked:

"Well, young fellow, now we'll see whether you're up in the English language. What's the meaning of 'incomprehensible'?"

"Incomprehensible?" faltered the applicant. "Why, incomprehensible means the proximity of the corollary to the molecular ingenu."

"Uh, huh. An what does disintegrate mean?"

"Disintegrate means the general congeniality of the hyperbole when afflicted with the zodiac."

"Just so," commented the chairman, nodding sagely at the other members. "Now, what is the defini' or subliminal?"

"Subliminal is when the overplus goes into perihelion with the deductive transitory of the frangible protoplasm."

"You'll do," announced the chairman. The candidate, overjoyed, shook hands all round and left to gather his belongings and to arrange to move into the neighborhood.

"Purty smart feller, that," observed one of the members of the board. "Yep," said the chairman. "Good joke on him, though, a-makin' him think I knew all of them big words, when he was just a kid."

And down the road about half a mile the candidate was chuckling to himself.

"Good joke on them. Blame if I don't believe they think I know what all of them long words means."

### She Sought a Bargain.

The young man who had been trying to sell a boy's suit to the fussy woman customer who had bargained for an hour and pulled apart pile after pile of clothing, and he foresaw an hour's work rearranging things after the customer had made up her mind.

"Here's one I think will do you," he said at last. "An all-wool serge, just the right size and finished in excellent style. There's a suit that will wear like iron. Look at the finish of it! Those linings weren't put in for nothing. That suit's a bargain."

The fussy woman looked at it with a critical eye. "Do you think it will fit?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Seems to be it's too big."

"Just the right size," said the salesman.

"Do you think the lining is durable?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I want something that will stand wear, remember."

"It will wear like iron," said the salesman.

"I think you are asking too much for that suit."

"It's a bargain at that price."

"I want something that will look neat and stylish," said the woman, regarding the garment doubtfully.

"The style's good," said the salesman.

She looked at it closer, examining the texture minutely.

"Isn't there some cotton in it?" she asked.

"No'm," replied the salesman shortly.

"There was, but we went to work and pulled it out."

## CONSULT FREE AND ADVICE



W.A. COOK, M. D.

When a doctor advertises that his treatment is different from others and offers to demonstrate even to the curiosity seeker that his plans and system are better than the ordinary, most people take his statements with a grain of salt, often throwing his advertisements aside as "mercenary statements."

The inflated claims of many advertising physicians with their unscientific and unscrupulous efforts, have built up a breastwork of prejudice that

## Something Above the Ordinary

is necessary to overcome. But for years I have so successfully treated certain cases of impaired vitality of the generative organs in which the local doctors had signally failed to even benefit, and my cures have commanded such general attention that my system of announcements through the press is rated by the public as separate and distinct from the catchpenny advertisements that prevail, as my treatment is also different from their treatments. My plan of treating certain ailments along the line of "animal therapy" cannot be imitated. I have developed a method of supplying lost force by replacing the constituent in its natural state directly into the blood by a special method of absorption without waiting for its formation through the uncertain processes of ordinary medication and the results I obtain are, therefore,

## PROMPT AND PERMANENT

By my method I stop men's wasting weakness. I cure the effects of early follies and excesses. I drive out the tainting, undermining impurities of contracted diseases, and strengthen men who are naturally weak. Do you want to be a MAN among men? Come to me as a friend—tell me your troubles; they will be HELD secret. I will overcome them by natural methods, which will not put you to any inconvenience or trouble.

To any person afflicted with VARICOCELE I offer a cure perfectly in one week without knife, surgery or detention from business. PILES in one treatment. BLOOD POISON in twenty-seven to ninety days without potash or mercury. STRICTURE without sounds or knife in six weeks. REFLEX DISORDERS in four to twelve weeks, and give a contract in writing as good as a bond. Personal and correspondence consultation FREE. Address

**Cook Medical Company, 116 South Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah.**

Hours 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays, 10 a. m. to 12:30 p. m.

### Delinquent Notice.

MANHATTAN MINING COMPANY.  
Principal office and place of business, Room 615, McCormick Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. There are delinquent on account of assessment No. 3 of fourth of April, 1903, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective persons in whose names said shares of stock stand upon the books of the company as shareholders, as follows:

No.	Name.	No. of Shares.	Amt. Due.
92	George Curley	1,000	2.50
93	J. M. Lyon	1,000	2.50
94	Francis M. McQuilvey	1,000	2.50
95	J. L. Sheets	1,000	2.50
96	Gwilym Jones	2,500	5.00
97	J. F. Cole	1,000	2.50
98	O. O. Bailey	1,000	2.50
99	K. G. Goodyin	1,000	2.50
100	Edw. Home	1,000	2.50
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And in accordance with law and an order of the board of directors made on the 6th day of April, 1903, so many shares of each parcel of stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the office of the secretary, room 615 McCormick Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, on Monday, the 1st day of May, 1903, to pay the delinquent assessment thereon, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale. F. O. FRICK, Secretary Manhattan Mining Company, Room 615, McCormick Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dated this 13th day of May, 1903.

### Assessment No. 4.

AJAX MINING COMPANY. OFFICE and principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah. Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the board of directors of the Ajax Mining Company, held on the 11th day of May, 1903, an assessment of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, to

sued and outstanding, payable immediately to the secretary, at his office, room 306 Dooley block, Salt Lake City, Utah. Any stock upon which this assessment may remain unpaid on Thursday, the 11th day of June, 1903, will be delinquent and assessment is made before the secretary's office, to pay the delinquent assessment thereon, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the board of directors. J. M. BURR, Secretary.

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